

AUGUSTA HISTORICAL BULLETIN



Published by the
AUGUSTA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Volume 1

Number 1

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Founded 1964

Box 86, Kable Station

Staunton, Virginia 24402



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400 Copies printed by
McCLURE PRINTING COMPANY
Staunton, Virginia

Copies of this issue to all members
compliments of
McClure Printing Company

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OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

CHARTER MEMBERS

The purpose of the Augusta County Historical Society is to publish annually *Augusta Historical Bulletin* to be sent without charge to all members. Single issues are available at \$1.00 per copy.

The membership of the society is composed of annual and life members who pay the following dues:

Annual (individual)	\$5.00
Annual (family)	\$8.00
Annual (sustaining)	\$25.00
Life Membership	\$100.00
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Foreword

For a long, long time, in fact since 1732, Augusta County has been accumulating historical data. Scattered here and there, in one place or another, much of the information, books, articles or anything which contributes to the cultural past, has slipped through our fingers, deposited elsewhere, or most important for our future growth and development, placed in some attic or garret where it has been forgotten or disregarded. We know that these items exist; and in our first year of being as the Augusta County Historical Society, the slow but steady response of the public to our archivists' requests is showing the need for our existence. We are off to a good start.

These memorabilia will be catalogued and stored in a safe place, with fire-proof protection; they will also be available for those who wish to have access to them. Necessarily valuable documents and the like must be protected from pilfering and thieving; so it is appropriate to say that the public will have access to them with supervision.

Let me add here, that any items may be "donated" on an indefinite loan basis. How much safer are they in the hands of the Society than in some drawer or on some shelf at home? We would say a great deal safer. It is an obvious truth that not every generation of any family will be interested in such historical data; therefore through neglect, fire, or other wasteful means, these items may disappear entirely. Of course the emphasis on indefinite loans is not meant to discourage outright gifts; they will be most certainly appreciated.

The above remarks may seem to have little to do with the following address by Mr. W. Purviance Tams, Jr., but it is such delightful reminiscences as his that stimulate our Society into being ever mindful of the past, and in collecting such information and data for Augusta County's past, present, and future. There is no one living today whom I consider more qualified to present us with fact and legend to give impetus to this organization. It is not important which legend is correct such as which weapon John Lewis used, a sword or shillelagh, when he "slew the Irish lord", nor which markers were used in the original Beverley Manor tract, lead or stone, but it is important to know

why and when settlers first came here and that the land was surveyed and marked for William Beverley.

Let us be ever mindful that history is *today*, and although some members of our Society hold that they are "newcomers" because their families arrived here in "recent times", perhaps after the Civil War, or in this our twentieth century, there are any number of these individuals who will go down in the annals as contributors to Augusta County History as much as those of "olden times".

It is with great pleasure and unrestrained pride that we herewith present the first publication and address of the Augusta County Historical Society. I, as president, want to thank all those who have given of their time and effort to the Society. It has been an intensely cooperative venture on the part of everyone concerned.

RICHARD P. BELL, III
President

Recollections of Augusta County

*Address of Mr. William Purviance Tams,
Delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Augusta County
Historical Society, at Mary Baldwin College,
Staunton, Virginia, Monday, November 9, 1964*

Mr. President, Members of the Augusta County Historical Society, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The first I heard of this society several months ago, when I was over here, my cousin, Dr. Bell, told me that they were going to organize it; and turning to me, he said very earnestly, "I wish you were still living."* I knew I was old, but I did not think I was dead till he voiced that opinion. That was my first connection with this society, and it a little bit prejudiced me, as you might understand.

But speaking seriously, it is always a pleasure to me to come back here to Staunton, to Augusta County, where I was born and bred. I think you can say about people like myself—Virginians who have lived most of their lives elsewhere—to paraphrase Kipling slightly,

"The men that breed from her, they traffic up and down,
But cling to the old State's hem, as a child to its mother's
gown;
Praising her where she stands, all other States beyond,
Making her mere breathed name their bond upon their
bond."

Feeling that way, you probably wonder how I came to leave Virginia. Well, as Kingsley's little verse says,

"When all the world is young, lad,
And all the grass is green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day."

So sixty years ago, I left this community and have lived the rest of my life in West Virginia, where I made a place for

*Some listeners thought Dr. Bell said "I wish you were still living here!"

myself, and friends. But as someone has said, "A man may marry a wife, but that is no reason why he should forget the old mother that bore him." However, you did not come here to listen to my history but the history of Augusta County, which I will try to get to.

The first people that lived in Augusta County, of course, came here somewhere between a couple of thousand and twenty-five thousand years ago. The last ice age was coming to an end about twenty-five thousand years ago, and at that time the large ice cap over the North Pole, the Arctic Sea, Greenland, and most of Canada had absorbed so much of the water of the ocean that the sea level was three hundred feet lower than it is now and the land was about a hundred feet higher. That left a land bridge between Asia and North America. As the animals that were evolved first in this country—the camel, the horse, and the ancestor of the elephant—moved northwestward at the foot of the melting icecap of that age, a group of primitive hunters came across from Asia to meet these animals, and then spread all over North and South America.

These people we know as Indians. When Columbus called them Indians, it was what most of us consider a very foolish mistake. Well, they did not come from India, but they came from the same continent. In other words, Columbus was in the right church, but in the wrong pew; he did not miss it so much. These people spread all this country, and about eight hundred years ago a tribe of Siouan Indians was living in this part of America. At that time a group of very fierce warlike Indians, Iroquoian, moved out of the southern Mississippi Valley and into Georgia and North and South Carolina, and pushed these Siouan Indians out until they gave up the fight, moved down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to Minnesota, where they stayed until the horses came across the plains; then they went out and became horse Indians—the Sioux Indians as we know them today.

These Iroquoian Indians, as Indians do, fought among themselves; and a large group of them broke loose and moved up through this Valley and across Pennsylvania, into middle New York, still fighting among themselves; until a prophet arose who persuaded them to establish a confederacy and quit warring with one another. Thus the Iroquoian Confederacy of Five Nations was formed. That prophet we know today as Hiawatha, although that was not his correct Indian name.

The remaining Iroquoian tribes, two of them, the Cherokees

and the Tuscaroras, stayed in Carolina and Georgia fighting among themselves. When the white settlers in Carolina attacked the Tuscarora Indians on one side, with the Cherokees fighting them on the other, the Tuscaroras gave up and moved as a tribe up through this Valley right by this place, on up across Pennsylvania, and joined their language brethren of the Iroquois Confederacy, becoming the sixth nation of the confederacy. They remained at odds with the Cherokees; and this Valley was the scene of raids back and forward between the Cherokees and the Iroquois.

In 1716, when the Tuscaroras moved up here, it was the same year that the Royal Governor, with some friends, made a de luxe trip to the top of the Blue Ridge Mountains, with guides to show the way and woodchoppers to cut a path, and servants to put up tents, cook, feed them. When they got to the top of the mountain, they drank a dozen or more toasts, fired off any number of gun volleys to celebrate the toasts, and returned to Williamsburg. The Governor issued gold medals to each of his friends who made this perilous trip with him, with the words, *Sic juvat transcendere montes*—"Thus it rejoices to cross over the mountains."

If they had crossed over the mountains, transcended them instead of merely ascending the Blue Ridge, they would have met the Tuscaroras, very probably, going north; and they would have had other uses for their volleys rather than firing salutes to toasts.

The Valley then was open to settlement by white people. That brings us to the people of Ulster. Ulster was the north province of the four provinces of Ireland, consisting of nine counties. It had been one of the most important, if not the most important province of Ireland. It was the home of such legendary heroes as Cuchulainn, the Knights of the Red Hand, the heroes of the Ossianic legends; and most important, it was the place where St. Patrick was held, as a boy, prisoner for eight years, and returned as a missionary to Christianize Ireland. It is rather a peculiar thing that the only part of Ireland that is Protestant, and not Catholic, is the home of the Catholic saint of Ireland, because St. Patrick lived and did his work from Ulster and is buried in Ulster.

By about 1600 Ulster was almost depopulated. The Irish chiefs, fighting among themselves and fighting the British crown, had had their lands forfeited; and the last great chief, Hugh

O'Neill, raising a rebellion against James I, was captured and imprisoned in Castle Carrick Fergus, and had to forfeit the whole peninsula of North Ireland to buy his way out of imprisonment.

The Crown had made a grant to Sir Henry Chichester, and an associate, who had been prominent in the work of subduing the wild Irish, as the English called them. These two men were granted a huge tract of forfeited land by the Crown; and that and Carrick Fergus Peninsula, that remained in the Crown, constituted about four million acres of land. King James very sensibly came to the conclusion that the cheapest way to control Ireland was not to send, every ten or fifteen years, costly military expeditions to fight the natives, but to lodge a permanent garrison there that would not cost him anything, but would yield revenue and taxes.

In the same year that Jamestown was settled, 1607, the plantation of Ulster, as it was called, was begun. In the succeeding twenty years more than a hundred thousand people were moved into Ulster and settled on the depopulated land. Of these, eighty per cent were Scottish Presbyterians; the remaining twenty per cent were part English, part Welsh, and part French Huguenots. These settlers were hard-working, industrious people. They drained the bogs, they started a cattle-raising industry for beef, they raised the grain crops that were necessary, and they promoted a big wool industry, raising sheep, and shipping not only the wool but woolen cloth. Most important of all, they created a big linen industry, as Ulster was a good country for the raising of flax. In that, the French Huguenots were very useful, as they were emigrants from the continent at that time, and had been the main producers of linen in Europe.

Ulster was very prosperous for a hundred years. It survived the Cromwell period without trouble, because the inhabitants were Protestant and Cromwell did not molest them. They had some trouble when King James II was fighting King William. A terrific siege was staged against the former Derry, which, since several hundred thousand acres of the land in that vicinity had been sold to a London company, was called Londonderry, and is called that to this day, although for six hundred years it had been merely Derry.

In 1707 Ulster had a body blow: the Scots and the English united in one kingdom for the first time. Although they had the same king for a hundred years, they made the final and complete

union in 1707. The Scots drove a hard bargain. They asserted the right, with the English, to trade anywhere in the colonies or in Europe in their own bottoms, and maintained that they and the English would have the sole right to do that. The English changed that agreement by the Navigation Act of 1709, which meant that the Ulster people had no market to ship their goods to, because they had to ship to England and sell there.

As we would say today, that put Ulster into a buyer's market. They could only sell their goods to England at the price that the English set. On top of that came an even worse blow, because on settling in Ulster, the settlers had signed the normal Scottish and English lease of ninety-nine years, which is still, by the way, the normal lease in Scotland and England. In Ulster, of course, ninety-nine years after 1607, those leases began to "fall in", as the English expressed the termination of a lease, whereupon the land owners immediately doubled and tripled the rent. That, on top of a market that was a buyer's market, practically ruined Ulster. From being the most prosperous part of Great Britain, it became what we would call today—if we were hunting for votes—a depressed area. Nobody made votes by helping depressed areas in those days.

Starting immediately, Ulster began to be depopulated, and within twenty-five or thirty years more than a third of the people had left. Nearly all of them went to Pennsylvania, because the Penn heirs, or proprietors, were offering very reasonable terms for good land.

That brings us to the first settler of Augusta County, John Lewis. The tradition in the Lewis family has always been that the Lewises were originally a French Huguenot family. In 1598 Henry of Navarre, with a cynical remark that "Paris was well worth a mass", deserted his Huguenot supporters and became a pretended Catholic. A great many of his followers, distrustful of the pledge that all religions would be tolerated, moved over into England. Jean Louis, who had been an officer in Henry of Navarre's army, was one of those who moved over; he Anglicized his name to John Lewis, and became an officer in the English army in the lowlands—Holland and the Fleming country. Of his three sons, one settled in South England and became the ancestor of the Fielding Lewis family in this country; one settled in Wales and became the ancestor of the Meriwether Lewises of Albemarle; and one settled in Ulster and became the ancestor of John Lewis.

In 1728 John Lewis was in a fight with his landlord, Sir Mungo Campbell; most probably it was due to the fact that his lease had "fallen in", as the English say, and Campbell was trying to extort double or triple rent. Campbell, with some drunken followers, attacked Lewis one night, fired upon him, and wounded Lewis's invalid brother, whereupon Lewis rushed out, naturally, and ran a sword through Campbell, killing him.

He went to Lisbon, Portugal, at the advice of friends, until the matter could be investigated and his part in it found to be proper; and he was then pardoned. He came back to Ulster; but, knowing the conditions of Ulster economically and knowing that he would be pursued by the powerful family of Campbells, he very sensibly gathered his tenants and took ship to Philadelphia, crossing over to the foot of the Shenandoah River where it joins the Potomac. Here, Joist Hite, a German, was starting a colony of Pennsylvania Dutch. Lewis came on up ninety miles, to a point a mile east of Staunton, cleared the land, put in a crop with the help of his tenants; and, two years later, when he saw that he could make a success of it, he went back to Ireland and brought his family over.

In 1734 Lewis crossed the Blue Ridge and went down to Williamsburg to get a patent for the 2,000 acres that he and his tenants had cleared; and instead of getting a patent, what he got was a discovery that the Government was operated by a clique of well-to-do people in Tidewater Virginia. Instead of Lewis's getting a patent, one of the insiders, William Beverley, received a patent for 115,000 acres, which comprised about all of the Beverley Manor District today.

That area was surveyed, and lead plates were put at each corner with the initials, "W. B."—William Beverley. When I was a boy, the last of those plates was discovered down near Verona on Middle River. A freshet had undermined the bank, and two or three feet underground was unearthed the last one of those lead plates.

All that Lewis got was permission to buy from Beverley the land that he had cleared; and part of the bargain that Beverley drove with him was that within ten years he must bring a minimum of a hundred families from Ulster to settle on the Beverley Grant. Lewis had no trouble doing that, because people were going in droves out of Ulster; they were good, hard-working people, just the right type to be pioneers. They spread over the Beverley tract. Incidentally, William Beverley moved up here

three or four years later and built a house, the foundations of which were still standing when I was a boy. It was on Kalorama Street about fifty feet up from the edge of the street and about fifty feet from the beginnings of the first buildings in the Kalorama property now. There Mr. Beverley sat, to see that everybody on his land paid him the proper quit-rent or, if they had bought the land, paid him in money for it.

Lewis also helped Benjamin Borden, or Burden (the name is spelled both ways), who got a grant of a half million acres, mostly in Rockbridge and Botetourt Counties. He came to Lewis for help in getting families from Ulster over to America, and Lewis was able to help. In that group came such families as the McCormicks, whose descendants invented the reaper; the Pattons; the Prestons; the Houstons, whose great-grandson was the first president of the Republic of Texas; and many other very able people.

The county was rapidly settled. The Ulster Presbyterians had three central points—old Fort Defiance, or the Old Stone Church; Tinkling Spring; and Bethel Church. These people, being Scottish had a big cattle industry, mostly in the western part of the county; grain crops in the central part; and what we call Pennsylvania Dutch—Germans, of course—came up the Valley, and after a few years most of them settled in the South River District. They were very industrious, hard-working, good farmers who made good citizens.

The whole county prospered; and when Braddock's column marched to Pittsburgh, a great number of the Valley people joined that expedition in the Virginia companies. All of John Lewis's sons were in that march. When the Revolution came, they had a great many men to enter the service. Lewis's son, Colonel William Lewis, was a brother-in-law of General Richard Montgomery, who led the Americans in the attack on Quebec, where General Montgomery was killed. Colonel Lewis and Colonel Dan Morgan were both captured, exchanged the next year, and came back and rejoined the Virginia line.

Incidentally, William Lewis, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, was a medical student who married the sister of Richard Montgomery. The Montgomerys came from Scotland; two brothers in the British army were suspected of complicity in the rebellion of 1745. They escaped from Scotland and later moved over into Ireland; and one of them, with his sons and daughters, came to this country, to Philadelphia. The other brother remained in

Ireland and was the ancestor of Bernard Law Montgomery, the British general in World War II, of whom of course everyone has heard. One of the great-grandsons of Ann Montgomery, who married William Lewis, Judge John Howe Peyton, built a home in the west part of this town which is named Montgomery Hall. All of you probably know of it. He named it in honor of his great-grandmother, Ann Montgomery.

During the Revolutionary War all the Hessian prisoners were sent to the Valley or nearby, part to Winchester, a great number to Staunton, and a lesser number over to Albemarle, just west of Charlottesville. They built a great stone barracks at the entrance to Gypsy Hill Park; and they planted an orchard that was still bearing apples when I was a boy, a hundred years later. They were very industrious people, and they were put in the Valley because the Pennsylvania Dutch spoke their language, and were able to communicate with them.

Many of these people, the Hessians, stayed in this country, deciding to remain on the farms where they had worked rather than go back to Hesse Castle and be sold as soldiers in some other war by the prince there. Among those who stayed in Albemarle County was a man whose descendants are well-known in the medical world and the literary world—the Wertenbakers. They are descendants of a Hessian prisoner.

After the Revolutionary War this country continued to be prosperous and thriving. We had two people who were in the Lewis and Clark Expedition: one, Robert Frazier, was a brother of my great-grandfather, James Frazier; the other was John Coalter, whose family is still remembered in this city by the name of Coalter Street. They accompanied Lewis and Clark to the Pacific coast and back. Robert Frazier came all the way back; John Coalter remained as a pioneer and hunter in the West. He was the man, by the way, who was the first white discoverer of Yellowstone Park.

Another important and well known man of that era was Dr. Ephraim McDowell, who performed on a woman, a surgical operation that had never been attempted before. I see that there are too many doctors here for me to make any attempt to describe what the operation was. I would be wrong about it surely, as a layman always is when he attempts to talk about a surgical fact. I have a picture in my mind of the poor woman laid on a kitchen table, held down by four strong men, with no anesthetic, and with knives and scalpels that had no antiseptic treatment

of any kind. Nevertheless, she must have been a very healthy woman other than for the affliction of a tumor, because she lived thirty years afterwards; and anyone who survives a surgeon for thirty years deserves a niche in the Hall of Fame. Incidentally, that operation, I understand, was described in a paper in Edinburgh, which was then and probably still is, a well known medical center in Great Britain.

The country continued to prosper; but we had no roads then, just a wheel road down the Valley and what might be called a wheel road—and a poor one—over the Blue Ridge. Any supplies that had to come in were brought from the outside by pack horses, and there was very little communication and very little liking between the Ulster-Scots—the Scotch-Irish, as we call them—on this side of the Blue Ridge in Augusta County and the people in Albemarle. Over here at that time the people in Augusta County called the people in Albemarle *Tuckahoes*. Tuckahoe is a sort of mushroom growth around the foot of oak trees which the Indians powdered up, mixed with water, and baked as a sort of substitute for bread when they could not get any meat or any other food. The implication, of course, was that, when the Augusta people called them *Tuckahoes*, they had nothing else to eat over in Albemarle except Tuckahoe.

In return, the Albemarle people called the people over here *Cohees*. That came from the fact that Scottish people, always great cattle raisers, with their Scottish pronunciation, called a cow a *Cowe*; and when they called the cows in the evening, they would yell “Coheel! Coheel!”

Incidentally, when I was in Australia several years ago, they used the *co-ee* over there. When I asked them if they knew where the cry came from, I could not find any of them who knew. They just said that it was a yell, a cry that could be heard a long way in an empty country, as of course is true; they did not know where it came from. When I was a boy, we still called Albemarle people—but in a better spirit than formerly—*Tuckahoes*, and they called us *Cohees*.

In the early 1820's roads began to be built in Virginia across the mountains. That brought in a very able man, a graduate of the Ecole Polytechnique, a French military engineer who had gone with Napoleon into Russia on the Russian campaign. When Napoleon came back from Elba, this lieutenant of engineers joined him again; and of course, after Waterloo, he had to leave France. He was called Claudius Crozet. The Governor of Vir-

ginia was intelligent enough to employ Crozet as chief engineer for the State. He laid out five roads across the Alleghenies, which were models in those days. The other States north and south of us readily conceded that they were the best roads over the Allegheny Mountains. It is true that the roads that go over them today are still based upon Crozet's surveys. He was not only a remarkable man; he was a member of the Board of Visitors of West Point and later a member of the VMI board. He was also the engineer who laid out the Blue Ridge tunnel for the Virginia Central Railroad.

There was no market for Augusta County farm products except what little was needed in the town of Staunton, the Deaf and Blind Institute, Western Lunatic Asylum, and the two girls' schools, Mary Baldwin Seminary and the Virginia Female Institute. In the early 1840's, there being no railway down to Harper's Ferry, a company was formed to build a macadamized road from Staunton down to Winchester to help get access to the B. & O. railroad in that area. It was a big help to the country's communication, but it was too long a haul to the railway to be of much good to Augusta County. In 1852 the Virginia Central Railway reached Staunton, completely changing the economic situation of Augusta County and Staunton. It enabled the merchants in Staunton to get goods in at a third of the cost that was involved in hiking them in by pack trains; and it enabled the farmers of Augusta County to ship their products out to the Tidewater market.

In the county the farmers, being Scotch, were too shrewd to burden themselves with Negro slaves, because they had enough intelligence to know that it was not economical to have to house, clothe, feed, and medically attend men or girls until they reached sixteen years, and then get about twenty-five years of inferior work out of them, until they had to be pensioned for the rest of their lives. They let the Albemarle people, the Tuckahoes, do that. But immediately that the railway got over here, many of the farmers hired for eight-or nine-months periods each year slaves from Albemarle, to increase their crops and to broaden the amount of acreage that they could usefully cultivate. It used to be that, about the middle of December, when the nine months ended, these slaves would assemble at the corner of Augusta and Main Streets, where the town pump then was (the foundations of it were still there when I was a boy); and the Negroes would form, with sticks and bandanna handkerchiefs,

carrying their little parcels over their shoulders, while the women bore big bundles on their heads; and they would start out in a big group, singing, marching back over to Albemarle. The town people would turn out and give them presents of tobacco and maybe a little food and a few pieces of change, because it was always a sight to see these people, as my father said, singing and marching down by the courthouse and on past the Lunatic Asylum, and down to Waynesboro and Rockfish Gap.

Then 1860 came along, with the election. And here I am going to break in to correct a lot of foolishness I have read to the effect that the people in the western part of the State were completely different, an entirely different sort of people, with no connections with the rest of Virginia; that they were supporters of Lincoln, and all that stuff. Let's look at the record! In the election of 1860 the Democratic Party had two candidates, the Whigs had a candidate, and Lincoln represented the Republicans. In the counties that now constitute West Virginia, the percentage of voters for each of the candidates was within one per cent of the same votes cast in the counties now in Virginia. Out of 100,000 votes, Lincoln received 2,000 in this State; 800 of them were cast in what is now West Virginia, 1,200 of them in what is now Virginia. So much for that bosh!

The 800 that were cast in West Virginia were from what is called the Northern Panhandle—the three counties lying against western Pennsylvania, which Virginia had retained, very foolishly, just to prevent Pennsylvania from expanding westward. When Virginia had turned over the Northwest Territory which she had conquered in the Revolution, it was principally to bribe the New England States to enter the Union. The 1,200 votes cast in Virginia in the 1860 election were nearly entirely from Fairfax County, which was then as now a somewhat dubious part of Virginia.

I am not going to fight the Civil War; that has been done and overdone. I will merely point out that during the war not the least-known unit in the Confederate army was the Stonewall Brigade, largely officered and manned from this county. During the war Staunton was a hospital center and a military hospital center for Confederate wounded soldiers and wounded Federal prisoners. The main hospital was a big warehouse on the southwest corner of Central Avenue and Main Street, with many smaller houses elsewhere in the town. Women of the town worked in the hospitals, bringing each day lint and bandages,

helping to dress the wounds, and bringing food of proper character, which the hospital rations could not supply. This county itself was the breadbasket of the Confederacy, shipping its wheat, flour, corn meal, and barreled beef and pork down to Richmond for use by the army. That continued until 1864, when Sheridan destroyed every shed, every barn, every fence in the Valley, and impounded all the horses and mules that had four legs and could move; and he made the very correct boast that he had fixed the Valley so that, when a crow flew across it, he had to carry his rations in his claws.

Two things I would like to mention; events in the Civil War. One of them occurred in May 1862, when Jackson had retreated up the Valley, passed through Swift Run Gap and into Albemarle County, and had disappeared, as far as people here knew. Federal troops were coming up the Valley and had reached Harrisonburg. The people in Staunton, of course, were worried to death; and on a Sunday morning in Trinity Church, the mayor, Mr. Trout, was in attendance when a man came up the aisle on tiptoe and whispered to him. He got up and tiptoed out. One or two other people seemed to sense what was going on, and so they tiptoed out. When the rector Mr. Latané got well into his sermon, he saw what was happening, hurriedly concluded the service, pronounced the benediction, and dismissed the congregation. They all piled down Main Street, down Augusta, over to the railroad station; and there on a line of flatcars was General Jackson returned from Albemarle County with his troops. Mr. Trout went up to him and introduced himself, and asked General Jackson if there was anything he could do to help. General Jackson said that, if the ladies of the town would furnish sandwiches and lemonade or something of that sort, it would be greatly appreciated by the troops.

Mr. Trout got busy and organized arrangements for those supplies; and as the troops were preparing to move out, the mayor asked, "General, which way are you moving?" Well, we know that General Jackson never told anybody anything. The only man he ever informed as to where he was going was Colonel Harman, for Harman had to know so that he could get there before night with the wagon train. So on this occasion, when Mr. Trout asked, "General, where are you going?" the general, in his quick-curt way but with perfect courtesy, said, "I am moving out of town, sir." When he did move out, Ashby's cavalry drew a screen across the trail that a mouse could not get through.

Three nights later, at midnight, a courier dismounted at the railroad station, and staggered in to the telegraph office, riding relay, he had covered forty miles since sunset, and handed the telegraph operator the shortest military report since Julius Caesar's *Veni, vidi, vici*. It was addressed to the Confederate Secretary of War and read, "God has blessed our arms with victory today at McDowell," signed T. J. Jackson, Major General, commanding.

The other incident of the war which I will mention occurred April 9, 1865, at Appomattox. General Lee had surrendered, and General Grant had given very fine, magnanimous terms. Knowing that in the Confederate service the officers and men that were mounted furnished their own horses and were the owners of them, he had with his own hand written into the terms, "Officers shall retain their sidearms, and officers and men shall retain their mounts, remarking, "they will be needed for the spring plowing." He also issued very strict orders that there would be no crowing over the surrendering of the Confederates, no taunting them, and that complete quiet should be observed. That order was carried out; and all day long, the units marched up, stacked arms, and the color bearers marched up, furled their colors, and laid them beside the stacked arms. Then the soldiers marched over to the officer who was issuing the paroles, and then over to the place where the Federal troops were issuing rations, the first the Confederates had had for two days.

Late that afternoon as the sun was setting over the Peaks of Otter, a great shout went up. A staff officer was sent to see why the command for silence had been disobeyed. When the officer arrived, what he found was that the remnant of the Stonewall Brigade was marching up to lay down its arms, and its opponents of a dozen battlefields had gathered from all over the Federal camp and were cheering them.

When the war ended, of course Augusta County was a wreck as stated by Sheridan. The stores of Staunton had no goods in them, and the only money was worthless Confederate currency. The Federals had marched a regiment in and encamped on the west end of Main Street in a field just opposite Thornrose Cemetery. It was their order to see that there was no rioting.

A few days later my grandfather, who had started and operated a bank, hired four negroes and got a neighbor's railway handcar. He put my grandmother and a chair on the car and he stood behind her. The Negroes pumped the car, with them

on it, to Charlottesville, by going over the Blue Ridge. At that time the tunnel was not in use, and the railway line went over the Blue Ridge, using a road up there that was afterwards to be the first highway that you had in the county in the automobile age. That highway was the old Virginia Central Railway.

My grandfather spent the night at Charlottesville and took a train the next day up to Washington. When he and my grandmother got to Washington, they found Federal cavalry scouring the whole city, arresting everybody who spoke with a Southern accent, because Lincoln had been assassinated the night before. My grandparents escaped as quickly as they could out of Washington and went to Baltimore to the banking firm of Alexander Brown and Son, where my grandfather was well known. There he borrowed enough currency to reopen the bank and arranged also with the wholesalers in Baltimore for the extending of credit for merchants in Staunton. The National Valley Bank, I am sure, did the same thing. All of that got a little start back into the economic life of the town.

The fact that the Baltimore people extended credit not only to Staunton, but to every state of the Confederacy—the South Atlantic States particularly—paid great dividends to Baltimore. For fifty years after that every merchant in Staunton bought his goods from Baltimore if he could get them there at anything like equal prices, because the people remembered the help that they had been given.

The town and county soon began to get back in shape. Men on the farms split rails and built worm fences, knocked up some sort of sheds, and finally succeeded in rebuilding their barns.

Then came a worse war economically than even the Civil War. In the Civil War people merely lost economically something that they owned. In the panic of 1873 they lost something that they had borrowed money to get and they not only lost what they had bought with borrowed money, but also owed the borrowed money. It was more than ten years before this community recovered from the 1873 panic.

Immediately after the Civil War, a prominent and able citizen of Staunton, A. H. H. Stuart, started a movement to end Reconstruction as soon as possible. Mr. Stuart had been a member of Congress and was also the first Secretary of the Interior when that cabinet post was inaugurated. Calling mass meetings in Augusta County and later throughout Virginia, he urged the adoption of a constitution accepting the 13th, 14th, and 15th

Amendments, on the logical basis that by so doing, the white citizens would recover their voting rights and would then be able to resume political control of the state. He was successful in this effort and thus saved Virginia the years of trouble that plagued South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana.

In the period between 1865 and 1870, when General Lee was President of Washington College at Lexington, he was invited to become Chairman of the Board of the Virginia Female Institute (now Stuart Hall), and attended meetings of the Board in Staunton, and, on one occasion, the Baldwin District Fair meeting, named for General J. B. Baldwin, one of our distinguished citizens, and a kinsman of Mary Julia Baldwin.

The Confederate veterans who returned from the Civil War were active in reviving the life of the community and were known to all. Among them was General Echols, Col. Skinner, Col. Cochran, Col. Harman (Stonewall Jackson's train commander), Major Hanger, Major Bell (the Great grandfather of your Society's President), Captain Opie, Captain Bumgardner, Captain Wilson, Captain McIlhenny, Captain Ranson, (those last two had been members of Mosby's Rangers) and any number of non-commissioned officers and men of the Stonewall Brigade. In my young days nobody could get a job on the police force of Staunton unless he was a wounded member of the Stonewall Brigade. Our police force consisted of men with one arm, one leg, one eye; but nobody took liberties with them. Even the toughest young thugs in town, of whom we had a few, walked pretty wide of these crippled men of the Stonewall Brigade.

The Stonewall Brigade Band continued. The old drum—I don't know whether it still does—had the same lettering in blue that it had had during the war. Whenever an old Confederate died, the Stonewall Brigade, with muffled drums, would march up West Main Street, with the local guard company of that day, carrying reversed arms as was the custom, following. As time went on, more and more of them, of course, died, and this ceremony was repeated often.

There was a wooden arch at the corner of Church Street and Main Street that spanned Main street. On Decoration Day the Daughters of the Confederacy would gather green wreathes and decorate that arch, under which people marched to the cemetery. We school children joined the procession as it passed the public school, carrying flowers to put on the Confederate graves at Thornrose, while Captain Bumgardner, a fine orator, usually

made the address. The people here remembered their soldiers and never forgot them.

In the meanwhile as time went on, the county after 1880 began once more slowly to get back on its feet. I would like to tell you now that this county was then a game paradise. There was not a field without some cover, because the fences were zig-zagged, and it was impossible to reap the crops without leaving cover in those zigzags for the birds; and there were game crops all over the county. Any man who went out in the afternoon to shoot birds and did not get fifteen or eighteen of them, in two or three hours, was either a very poor shot or had a very poor bird dog. If he put in a whole day and did not get thirty birds, he was equally a poor shot or had a poor bird dog.

People used to come down in parties from Washington and Baltimore in my young days, and spend the weekends here hunting. Few farmers had any objections to hunting on their land; very little land was posted. Pot hunters would go out and get a hundred birds in a day and ship them to hotels in Washington and Baltimore. Such hotels in Washington as the Willard; and the Rennert in Baltimore, had standing orders. They paid the tremendous sum of twenty-five cents for two birds. We had one pot hunter, Bill McDanald, who was a marvel. When the pump gun came in, he went out one day and got more than two hundred birds. I suppose there are not two hundred birds in Augusta County now, from what I can hear of it. In my young days there was one butcher shop, owned by Mr. Kyle, who had his building on North Augusta between Main and Frederick Streets on the west side. All during the fall, there would be at least two deer carcasses hanging there, usually a bear, and any number of Wild turkeys, pheasants, and quail, which we called partridges. You could drive out on any road, and there would be some little boy offering you two birds for a quarter.

I do not think that people today can really appreciate how much game there was in the county. I remember, when I was a five-year-old child, my father took me in the runabout, with the dog sitting beside me in the front to a field opposite the present King's Daughters' Hospital. The old gentleman put the dog out and said, "Hi away!" The old dog hopped over the fence, quartered the field, and made a stand down field a hundred and fifty yards. My father got out, climbed over the fence and leisurely put his gun together, loaded it, walked down, with the old dog keeping his stand, following the birds if they moved.

I heard a couple of bangs, and back he came with two or three birds. I remembered we were out three hours and returned with eighteen birds. Every field that you stopped at had birds in it. You fellows who try to hunt today, I feel really sorry for you, for you have nothing compared to what we had then.

As time went on, Staunton continued to improve; and about 1888 the Gypsy Hill Park was authorized by the Town Council. The land had been owned by the municipality because it had six or seven springs that were used for public water, collected at the waterworks and pumped up to Reservoir Hill. Gypsy Hill Park was laid out—a distinct step forward. We already had an opera house over the Town Council hall. In those days Staunton was the break in the railway movement; troupes going from Washington to Cincinnati broke their trip at Staunton. Thus we had some of the highest talent. I remember seeing John Drew here, Ada Rehan, Robert Mantel, and several of that caliber. It was really a nice little theater. It could seat six or seven hundred people, and we really had at that time some good shows.

In about 1890 or 1891 we got a streetcar line. That in itself was not so good. Mr. Adams, a wealthy man from Arkansas, put the streetcar line in; and I never did know if he did it because he had a daughter at the girls' school or whether he put the daughter in the girls' school because he had a streetcar line here. I have never known which was the cause and which was the effect.

Those cars were pulled by little mustang mules. I remember when a carload of forty of them was brought up by two or three cowboys from Texas. They were unloaded down at the C and O Railway yards; and the cowboys hazed them along Lewis Street, yip, yipping, and slapping them with their coiled ropes, out to the fairgrounds, where they were put in an old barn until a regular barn could be provided for them. They were products of mustang mares, and so were small; I do not think any of them weighed over seven or eight hundred pounds at the most, but they were tough, sturdy little things. Two of them hitched to a streetcar that held fifteen or twenty people looked like little mice, and always made me think of pictures in kids' books of Cinderella and her carriage drawn by mice. At the steep hills, such as Gospel Hill, there were two tug mules that were hitched on, making four to pull the streetcar up to the top of the hill. North Augusta had one tug mule, and West Main Street had one.

The line ran from Main Street at Thornrose Cemetery out

to the Deaf and Blind Institute; on Augusta Street from the railway station to halfway up Gallows Hill; and from Main Street out on Lewis Street, ending at the Waterworks. Later on, Mr. Apperson, the manager, persuaded Mr. Adams to electrify the line; and at about the same time we also got electric lights. We had had gas in Staunton since pre-Civil War days; but anyone who, like myself, has had to do his school homework by gas light and then was given electric lights will know the difference. Only somebody who has had to cope with gas light can understand what a relief it was to get electric lights here.

About the same time a local company installed a telephone line. That worked fine, except that there were only thirty people on it, and after they kept calling one another for about a month, they got tired of that. There was no one else they could call, and the line began to wither on the vine. Later on, the Southern Bell Company came in and bought the whole thing up and began to give good service.

About 1892 we had the first street paving. Brick was laid on two blocks of Main Street to Augusta, and then down Augusta to the courthouse. People complained that the Town Council had been persuaded by the representatives of the two banks—the Augusta National and the National Valley—to put paving in so that the dust of summer and the mud of winter would not get into the banks. I do not know; it might have been true.

Incidentally, that reminds me that in those days, down on the corner of the courthouse, there was a huge block of stone. When the Washington Monument was started, the theory was that every county, every village, every town, and every precinct district in America was going to contribute a stone to it. Augusta County got the stone quarried and hauled to the courthouse; and just at that time—1846—they stopped building the Washington Monument, and it stood like a stump there until 1876. There was no use shipping this block into Washington when the building of the monument was discontinued. I remember hearing that, when Sheridan, in the last year of the war, was chasing Jubal Early up to Staunton and through Rockfish Gap, a Federal battery wheeling around the corner with its gun limbers, hit the stone and wrecked the whole battery. That was the main story as told about that stone. I never knew what became of it.

We now have reached 1893 and the most unbelievable episode in the history of Staunton and Augusta County. Birmingham, Alabama, had had a big boom, with steel mills being built

there; and somebody evolved the crazy idea that, inasmuch as Staunton had limestone, with iron ore just to the west and all sorts of coal out in West Virginia, it was going to become a second Pittsburgh. The Staunton Development Company was formed, and a half million dollars was raised, which at that time, and in this community, was an awful lot of money. That was in the pre-Roosevelt days.

They immediately surveyed nearly all of Augusta County. They made beautiful lithographed maps, showing lots, extending from Staunton down to Verona. I found one of those old maps years ago and sent it to my cousin, Dick Bell's father. It should be looked up and filed in the archives of this historical society. The map also had lots running halfway up Betsy Bell and Mary Gray. All that was staked out on paper. Then they bought all the land of the farms—a godsend for the farmers, because the farms were priced at three times what they were worth, farmers getting a third down and notes for the remaining two-thirds. So the original owners got the full value of their farms; and when the company failed, they got the farms back also.

The people in Staunton found they had started a local wave of hysteria. It is unbelievable. I remember that, down at Waynesboro, they surveyed "Basic City"; it was going to be an adjunct to this Pittsburgh that Staunton was to become. Another was down at Shendon (now Grottoes), on the old farm, the big farm there. On the fourth of July in 1893 we went there; and streetcar lines were going all over that farm to take people out and show where the lots were located that they were going to purchase.

Mr. Bodley built a wagon works just east of Staunton on a spur of the C and O Railway. I remember that he brought Sam Jones, the evangelist, in here and ran an excursion train the mile down to his wagon works, where Sam Jones explained Hell to everybody. He had a big audience, too. Looking back on it all, I recall it as a most preposterous thing.

My father was supposed to be a sensible business man; but he not only was crazy enough to go into that affair; he was treasurer of the company. Because they did not fix his salary, he could not pay himself any salary; and when they failed, all that he had was a note that he owed to the company, and no salary.

Mr. Erskine Miller was the president, and he was smarter.

He got his thousand dollars every month; so he got back what he put into it. They could not catch him on that.

Your grandfather was a director, Mr. President; and the result was that your father, my brother, and I could not go to the Episcopal High School, for which we were headed. We just barely got to college, and almost missed that.

I look back on it, and it still seems to me that it was the most preposterous thing that sensible men ever did. But it actually happened. They were years getting out of it. The only good thing that I remember happening after that was when Mr. Apperson, who was a friend to all the young people in the town, extended his streetcar line from the waterworks out along the road and around Gypsy Hill Park and up a field to a knoll, a wooded knoll called Highland Park. There he built a sort of casino, an open-air roofed dance hall, graded a baseball field, and laid out a tennis court. Two or three nights each week in the summer he had an orchestra of three Negroes to play; and we would get on the streetcar to go up there and dance. The people of my age in Staunton will remember Mr. Apperson as long as we live. He was the fellow who gave us the most pleasure. I am sure that anyone here who ever went out there to dance will remember what I am talking about.

That brings us around almost to the time when I left this town. In 1898 the Supreme Court made a decision on public schools, that separate but equal facilities did not contravene the Fourteenth Amendment. In the year following, Virginia held a convention to draw up a new constitution. They corrected a lot of financial foolishness in the old laws, which had come down practically from England. They also made public schools compulsory. Up until then, they had not been compulsory, but each community could have them or not as desired. Mr. Caperton Braxton, the best lawyer in those days, was a leading man who represented us in the convention—the leading man in it. I remember my father, who was president of the board of education, saying to him, "If they make the thing compulsory under the Constitution, suppose then that this decision is changed."

I remember also Mr. Braxton staring at him. "But, Mr. Tams, it is a Supreme Court decision. Those things don't change. It's a precedent."

Mr. Braxton was a good lawyer, but he did not understand the Supreme Court of today. He was completely wrong, as it turned out.

You will note that this account of Augusta County and Staunton is largely a story of individual men. This community, like the rest of Virginia, can claim that their great men will be remembered when the sky-scrapers of our Northern neighbors have sunk back into the dust from which they arose. Somewhere in the Bible are the words "I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep". I suggest that those words might be a good motto for your Society.

That brings me up to about the year when I left here. We did not have what you have here today. We thought that we were very happy and lived a good life. The public schools here were good. When a boy graduated from the public school in Staunton, he could enter the sophomore class of any college in Virginia, and did not have to go through the freshman year. We had no band in the schools. We had no football team. We did not even have drum majorettes. If any of them had marched down Main Street in those days, I think they would have been arrested for indecent exposure. We did not have an atom bomb, even. We were very deprived.

I come back now, and I land at an airport sixteen or seventeen miles from Staunton. When I left here, airplanes had not even been invented. We even had no movies then. We did not have a lot of things that you have now. It would have taken me, in my day, four or five hours to come up from what is now the airport site to Staunton. But after I land at the airport now, I just whiz up in twenty minutes. And as I go whizzing by, I try to see the old landmarks. I ask myself questions: Where is Willow Spout? Is the water still running there? Willow Spout had given water to many and many a Confederate and Federal soldier marching up and down the Valley Pike. I am told by a relative, "No, it has been abolished. It could not pass the tests of the Board of Health."

I look over in the fields where there were corn and wheat crops in my youth, and I see nice green fields with no cattle in them, but lots of motels. In the old Harman place, where for generations grain had been sowed and reaped, I see a magnificent hotel and golf links, but no grain. When friends take me from Staunton west to Deerfield, passing through that area that used to be a beef cattle section, I see any number of bungalows, split-level houses, ranch-type houses, but no cattle.

I stop to think about it, and I find that the bread that I eat here is made from flour bolted in Michigan; the meat probably

I am reminded of what they say of Caesar Augustus, the first emperor of the Roman Empire after the change from a republic to an empire. Augustus boasted, "I found Rome brick, and I leave it marble." Correct! But he did not add that he found it a city where the citizens went outside the walls and cultivated their own fields, and left it a city where the wheat had to be brought in from Egypt, and where the citizens had to be given bread and circuses to make them content with their marble city.

So, Mr. President, I grant you at once that your victorious cause—your automobiles, your wide roads, your motels, and your atom bomb—pleases the gods; but I hope you will permit me to say that the corn and wheat fields and many other things of my youth, the draft horses and saddle horses, continue to please an old man.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the grass is brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home and take your place there,
The old and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

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